

Entry Island



Life & Times

Introduction

This research was compiled for the Entry Island Historical Museum.

Stories from "Days gone By" were taken from C.A.M.I's Memories of Yesteryear book

Any additions or modifications to this report are welcomed.

This book is dedicated to all "Entry Islanders".

We would like to thank everyone who helped us gather information on our wonderful Island to make this book possible.

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Funded by FCEM project

Summer 2001

The existence of early settlers on Entry Island dates back to the early 1500's. On one of Jacques Cartier's voyages in June 1534 to the archipelago, (which is a group of Islands) he recorded that there were Micmac Indians living on Entry Island.

In the late 1500's, it is believed that Entry Island was named "White Island". It was given this name because there were large herds of walrus and seal there and we know that one of the main sea cow (walrus) paths, where the hunt took place, was on Entry Island.

Nearly 200 years later in the mid 1700's, this Island was given the name Entry Island for the obvious reason that it's the first Island you come to as you sail into the Magdalen Islands. At this time the population descendants were French Acadians who fled British authority in Nova Scotia. To these people the Magdalen Islands were described as a promise land, a place to escape from terrible realities of the outside world.

In 1763 an American shipper, named Colonel Richard Gridley, established a trading and fishing post in the Magdalen Islands and brought 10 families, who were Acadian and Irish descendants, here to Entry Island for the walrus and seal hunt. Many of them remained here for a number of years.

In 1806, Sir Isaac Coffin, who at that time owned the Islands, compiled a census of the families living on Entry Island. The following names were Simeon Bourgeois, Francois Grenier, Veuve (widow) Richards, Louis Vigneau, Pierre Arsinoe, Charles Arsinoe, Francis Vigneau, and John Hault. Most of these families moved from Entry Island to House Harbour in the 1820's. The reason for the french leaving is not known.

From all the research gathered the first permanent english settlers that we know of, who remained on the Island until their deaths, were David Dickson and his wife Nancy Cassidy.

Possibly Nancy Dickson in 1882



The Dickson's were descendants of Ireland and later settled in Liverpool, Nova Scotia. We believe David Dickson may have arrived in the Magdalen Islands, married Nancy Cassidy (who was believed to be the sister of James Cassidy from Amherst), then settled on Entry Island in 1822. In the book "The Cruise of the Alice May", during an interview with Nancy Dickson in 1882, she stated that she had been on the Island for 60 years and they were the first settlers. The McLean families followed shortly after within a couple of years. The early presents of the McLean's being here is on a tombstone at the old cemetery of an Alexander McLean Sr. who died in 1826 at the age of 27 years. He was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia in 1799, and married Eve Dickson around 1817 also in Pictou. They had a son Alexander James in 1821, where he was born is unknown only that it was in Canada. So between 1821 and 1826 they moved to Entry Island. In 1831, another census shows us that these families were living on Entry Island; Dan McLean, Alex McLean, John McLean, David Dickson and John Nowlan. We have very little information on John Nowlan only that he was a black smith by trade, there were 7 people in his family, they were Roman Catholics and that they moved off the Island before 1850.

Around 1839, John Patton a native of Scotland settled on Entry Island. It is believed that he was a member on the ship Andromache that shipwrecked off the shores of Entry Island in 1839. He later married Eve McLean and they had 8 children. Mr. Patton also taught school on the Island around the early 1850's.

For the next few years in the mid 1840's more families were settling on Entry. Thomas Collins from Nova Scotia (married Jane Dickson) and James Welsh from Ireland (married Eleanor Hynes) moved here and remained on the Island. They both had families of their own. Most of the Welsh family still remains here today but the Collins families have moved back to Nova Scotia.

Shortly after the Collins and Welsh men arrived, John Sigsworth, John Chapman (married Jane McLean), Thomas Hynes, Joseph Turnbull, Peter Turnbull (married Eleanor Dickson), Jeremiah Driscoll and possibly John Harris and Tom Lantwell settled here. Some of these men married women on the Island and some were already married when they arrived, but they all moved to other places before 1861. We are not positive of when the first Cassidy moved to Entry but records indicate various Cassidy's were present at certain baptisms and funerals on the Island between the 1850's and 1870's. We do know that James Cassidy was one of the first lighthouse keepers on the Island around the late 1870's. He was here with his family at this time and descendants of his still remained here for almost a century before the last family moved to Prince Edward Island.

Other families that settled here between the 1870's and 1880's were, John Carr (married Jane McLean), Neil McPhail (married Hannah McLean), and Edward Sweet (married Helen McLean). These families only remained here for a short time. The Chenell's, namely Benjamin moved here, married Matilda Collins in 1878, and lived here for a while. Then they moved to Boston in the United States. Later one of their sons, Edward, moved back and married Nancy Elizabeth Dickson. The Aitkens also came to the Island around the late 1870's. Robert Douglas Aitkens married Susan Welsh. Descendants of their families remain here today.

Finally, according to our research the last family to arrive here before the turn of the century was Joseph Bouchey and Lucy Ann Chenell. They moved here from Brion Island in the 1880's, and only settled here for a few years. In addition, two McCallum sisters came to Entry from Brion Island. Their names were Sarah (married Felix Patton and after his death she later married George Collins) and Bethia (married David J. Dickson). The precise year they arrived is not known for sure, but we know Sarah was here in 1901.

Next the Joseys, Morrisons, Quinns and Goodwins all arrived here in the early 1900's. Herman Josey (married Sylvia Welsh) arrived in 1912. The exact year Jane Dickson Morrison arrived here with her children is not known, but they were living here in 1923 (it was the year her oldest son was drowned). Curtis Quinn (married Dorothy Welsh) arrived in 1923 and the exact date Norman Goodwin (married Isabella Dickson) arrived is not known for sure. The families of Herman, Jane, and Curtis still reside here today. The Goodwin name no longer exists on the Island but descendants of the Goodwins remain here. The Clarks arrived around mid 1940's and are still here. There are many other families that have come and gone over the years and a few such as the Backs and Brymers came and still remain here today.

Entry Island is the home of mostly Scottish and Irish descendants. It is 2 ½ miles long, 1 ½ mile wide and 7 miles round. The Island is described as being a traveller's paradise. People were described as being select and silent. Around the early 1800's, Entry Island had the largest anglo-saxon (english speaking) settlement in the Magdalen Islands.

We are located 9 miles from Grindstone and 60 miles off the north east tip of Prince Edward Island. Entry Island is famous for it's beautiful cliffs, that have a mixture of red sand stone, ocher, or gray gypsum and also for the highest hill in the Magdalen Islands, which rises 580 feet above sea level. From the top of the hill, you have a wonderful view of the whole Island and the gulf of St. Lawrence. The Island was once covered with trees. They were cut down for various reasons, such as, to build houses, boats and for firewood.

At one time Entry Island had excellent farmland. In the early 1800's up until around the 1960's, most every family had their own livestock. It was how they made their living. In 1850 the first seed crusher was brought to the Island. In those days, both men and women worked very hard and times were extremely tough. There was very little money, so they had to rely on the land and sea for survival.

In the spring, large vegetable gardens and potato patches were planted. Oats were also sown and left all summer to grow. In the early fall abundant amounts of potatoes and vegetables were dug up. The vegetables were stored in an outside root cellar built of a chaloupe, sawn in two and thatched with sods. The oats were cut down and put into the threshing machine to separate the oats from the straw. This job would take a group of men many days. While the men were doing this, the women were busy preparing big dinners and suppers for them.



Outside Root Cellar

In the early 1900's, Entry Island was the most self-sufficient community in the Magdalen Islands. They would always have lots of milk, butter, cheese, vegetables, and meat. They were proudly selling and trading dairy products and other provisions to the other communities or to incoming ships that would sail in for supplies. We were told in one of our interviews, that during the depression years in the 1930's, one man who was french, always said, " If it wasn't for the Entry Islanders, our family would have starved." The land and sea always provided people with enough food for the long winters. Farming was a big part of Entry Island up until around the 1960's. When people started making more money fishing, times began to change. They began buying their vegetables, milk, and meat. Today there are only 8 to 10 farmers on the Island.

During the hay making, as one gentleman told us, before the farmers got mowing machines they would each take an area and cut the hay with a scythe. This is probably something that a farmer today could never imagine doing. When the mowers came to the Island, they were harnessed up to the horse. This made work much easier. Some mowers were pulled by one horse, others were pulled by two horses. After the hay was cut with a mowing machine, it was then raked in win rows by a raking machine. The win rows were pulled into small bundles called haycocks. A rope called a "twitching rope", was put around the haycocks, and attached to the horse's collar. The cocks of hay were pulled to the barn or hay barracks (which were invented by the Magdalen Islanders) where they were stored. As the haycocks were being hauled, women, children, and older men would rake the fields clean with hand-made wooden rakes.



Curtis Quinn on old time mowing machine



Old time hay stack

A normal working day for a woman began very early. She would begin by getting breakfast, milking the cows and then sending them back out to pasture. Next, she would have to separate the milk, clean the separator, feed the animals, some days make butter or cheese, do the dishes, laundry, mix bread etc. mostly all before dinner. Their afternoons were filled with chores too. Then in the evenings, someone would have to go back over the hills, get the cows, and bring them home to be milked again. The milk always had to be separated every time. The mothers especially had a long day with chores and taking care of her children.



Milking of a cow



Separator



Churn, Crock, Milk bucket

Most of the men farmed, fished, did carpenter work, or hunted ducks. All the young boys were taught these things too. One man told us during an interview, that he was 15 years old when he started fishing. He fished in a dory with two oars and a sail. It was the last row dory to be used on Entry and the year was 1944. The price for a pound of lobster then was .20 - 30 cents. In the earlier 1900's the price was only .05 or .06 cents a pound. That was why the main economical development was farming. Fishermen had to pull the lobster traps in by hand, not haulers like today. The boats didn't have cabins

on them either, so it was very cold in May. Up until around 1905-1910 lobster were counted and not weighed. You were paid by the amount and not the weight. The lobster traps were baited with salt fish until around the 1960's. All the fishermen we have talked to told us how much they enjoyed bread and molasses or jam, molasses cake, raisin pie and cold tea for lunch. They would say, "Boy that cold tea tasted some good". Everyone would help each other push the boats off the slip around 3:00 a.m. and they were hauled up in the evenings by horse.

In April herring fishing began, followed by cod and mackerel fishing in May. Then from May 10th - July 20th every year, men fished lobsters. In the early 1920's, there was a lobster factory located at the north point of the Island. It was owned by Mr. Frank Leslie. Many men and women worked there for quite a few years. Even the french from Amherst and Grindstone came here to work and fish from Entry. They were paid \$1.00 a day for working in the factory, which was probably alot of money 80 years ago. After the lobster season ended they would go mackerel and cod fishing again, if there were any around. For the rest of the fall season, everyone got ready for the winter months. By the time November and December came, the smelt season was beginning.



Boats at James's

Most winters were long and cold with lots of snow. During the months from January to March, sometimes an ice bridge would form between Entry Island and Amherst. People felt less isolated because they could travel to the main Island by horse whenever supplies were needed. By the time February and March came, some men were ready for the seal hunt. They would be gone for weeks, sometimes aboard bigger ships that left from Halifax.



Horses on The Ice Bridge

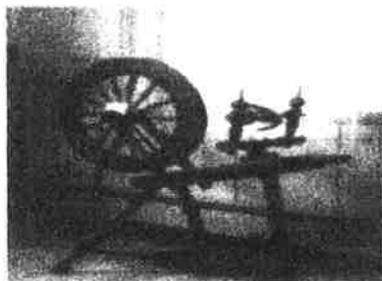


Ice Bridge between Entry & Amherst

In the winter children would always walk to school because a ski-doo was unheard of. They never had all the different types of fur boots and ski-doo suits that we have today. Their hats and mitts were knit and the girls wore long stalkings up past their knees.

The girls always had to wear dresses and hats to school or church up until around the mid 1900's. Playing hockey, skating and sliding were the highlights of the season. Every man that we have spoken to said they skated or played hockey when they were young boys and all the older men played hockey as well. One gentleman said he could remember times when him and his friend would put their skates on in the morning and not take them off until night time.

During the winter, often 8 to 10 women would get together and have knitting, spinning and hooking parties. The women enjoyed this and never thought of it as a chore. A delicious lunch was always served. It would begin around 5 o'clock p.m. and last until around 9 o'clock p.m., even though the only light they had was from kerosene lamps. Winter was especially hard when it came time to do the laundry. In the morning, the water would be frozen solid in the barrel it was kept in. It would have to be melted which took a little while. The clothes were all washed by hand on a wash board then hung outside. Most women hung them out with their bare hands or with thin gloves on. When the clothes were brought in off the line, they were frozen stiff and had to be hung over the stove to thaw out and dry. The young girls were taught at a young age how to mix bread, churn butter, knit and do all the chores their mothers did.



Spinning Wheel

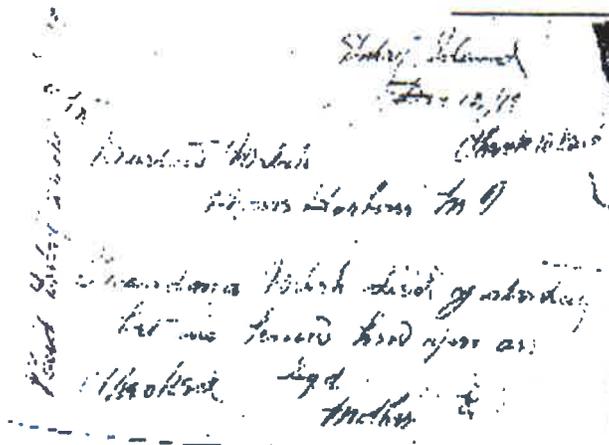
In 1874 the first lighthouse was built on the Wash Pond and later moved off the hill and closer to the cliffs. The lighthouse keeper was James Cassidy. He also opened the first post office in 1896, but regular mail services didn't begin until 1910. Also in 1874, Entry Island was apart of the Municipality of Amherst Island. In 1965, Entry formed its own municipality. It was 35 years later in the year 2000, and once again, we have merged with the Municipality of Amherst.



The first light house on the Wash Pond

In 1876 a regular steam ship linked the Magdalen Island to Pictou, Nova Scotia and Souris P.E.I. This boat, we were told, travelled once every 15 days. One of the first regular boats for passengers that sailed from Entry Island to Grindstone was in the 1940's. The first regular plane service was in 1973. Entry got it's first telegraph system installed in 1911, it was operated by Edward Chenell in his home. Electricity wasn't installed until 1960. Before this time, everyone used oil or kerosene lamps. The radios were run by batteries. People would get together and listen to music, the news, a hockey game and other programs on the old radios.

Telegraph dated Dec. 10, 1919



Entry Island
Dec. 10, 1919
Edward Chenell
Mr. J. L. ...
I have been thinking of writing
but have been too busy
I hope you are well
Yours truly
Edward Chenell

In 1914, WWI began and 17 men from Entry enlisted. Luckily they all survived and returned home to their families by 1918. In 1939, a second World War broke out. This time 38 men enlisted. It was a very hard and painful time for the families on Entry Island. There were 14 men captured on Christmas Day 1941 and held prisoners of War by the Japanese for 4 long years. Of the 14 men that were prisoners, 6 returned home and 8 of them died in the prison camps. With almost 40 men gone from the Island, most of the women had to take care of the children and their farms. The ones who had children old enough to help with the farming were very fortunate. We were told that everyone on the Island would help each other and make sure the crops were planted, the hay cut and put in the barn before the fall. One could only imagine how hard those days were. The generation of today would probably never survive if times returned to the way things were back in the earlier years, before people started making a better living at fishing.

One gentleman told us when we interviewed him that if there was a death in the community everyone mourned. You didn't listen to the radio, except to get the news maybe once a day, women never hung out the laundry and the children weren't allowed to play around and make a noise. Even on a regular Sunday, children could not play or make a noise. Every man, woman and child attended church on Sunday mornings and evenings. Church was a big part of everyone's life. People were more religious and had more respect. One woman often said, "If you didn't have a church to go to, you have nothing". That's the way all folks felt in the earlier years and I believe that is still true today.

There have been many changes in the past century. School for an example was taught in one classroom by one teacher for many decades, with up to 80 or 90 students. Now there are three teachers for less than 20 students. In the earlier years, women had

their children at home with a nurse and (or) mid-wife. Now you need to see a doctor once a month. Another example of the changes are, some doctors will tell you not to use the old fashion remedies your grandparents used because it could be harmful and many of those people seemed healthier than we are today.

Even the population has increased and decreased since the 1800's. In 1861, there were 67 people living here, then in 1951 there were 183. The largest population we've found in our records were 247 people in 1971, then it started becoming less and less. In 1981, there were 167 people and now in 2001 there are approximately 130 people living here during the winter months.

Although times have changed and people have moved away, they always return home for a vacation. Entry Island will always be a big part of their lives. They will always remember their roots.

Peter's Gate

*On a Pretty little Island called Entry
Where many have met their mate
On the road between Fred's and Percy's
There's a place called "Peter's Gate"*

*How well I remember the ritual
Whether it was early or late
To be drawn as if by a magnet
To this place called "Peter's Gate"*

*There were people of all ages
From their sixties down to eight
We'd hear one tall tale then another
Those nights at "Peter's Gate"*

*We were there each night by sundown
And when the hour was getting late
We would see Uncle Frank Dickson
Walking on into "Peter's Gate"*

*The years have quickly slipped on by
And many have met their fate
But the memories will live forever
Of our times at "Peter's Gate"*

Poem Written By: Anthony Aitkens Sr.

As the saying goes, "There's no place like home"!

Harvest Time

There was much hard work and good food at harvest time. Families worked together helping each other get it all done. Threshing the oats was a big day, which was prepared for like a wedding.

The oats were sown in the spring and left to grow all summer. If the grain was wanted for green fodder for the animals, it was cut down early and piled up in stacks. If it was used for oats, it was left to grow until the stalks ripened. A threshing machine was used to separate the oats from the stalks that were then known as straw. A five or six horsepower stationary engine ran the machine, with pulley belts attached. As the belts turned on the wheels, the box went back and forth to feed the grain into it, then it would shake from side to side to separate the oats from the straw. The oats came out one side, the straw the other. It kept the men working fast to feed the machine and catch the oats in boxes.

Women prepared food for days for all the families. Tables were set up the length of a big kitchen. Dinner was at noon with roasts of beef and pork, boiled dinners with fresh garden vegetables. For supper there were huge crocks of baked beans, home baked bread and buns, with all the other goodies—pies, cakes, biscuits and curds and lots of good home made cow's butter and cream.

It did not seem like they were working hard, the chatter and togetherness very often made the hardest of chores and event which many would remember all through their lives.

As told by Edna Dickson Welsh

Entry Island Knitting Parties

There were parties for knitting socks, mitts, and gloves, fishing mitts and cuffs to pull on over the wrist to protect the arms while fishing. Many long nights were filled with enjoyment by story telling and the feeling of belonging when everyone got together. At the same time, the knitting was done and it never seemed to be a chore.

About ten ladies would gather at one house and bring their knitting needles. As the yarn was made up in skeins, they would put a skein over one person's arm and ball it off into a ball and it was ready for the evening.

They would knit new feet on five pairs of socks in one evening, or start five pairs of new socks. The next night ten more ladies would come and finish the new socks. Each lady would knit one mitt an evening. You could hear the needles clicking as they worked.

They would arrive at five in the evening and work until about nine o'clock.

If we kids were good, sometimes we could stay up and have some of the delicious food that the table was filled with.

As told by Doris Aitkens Burke

Memories of my Entry Island Home

I can remember my grandmother making biscuits with buttermilk. You can not find biscuits like them today. She was such a jolly women and loved to laugh. She, like most women in her day, took life as it came. There were many hard days, but the love and belonging gave people so much courage in those days.

We would decorate a tree for Christmas by tying apples on it. We would cut the foil from tea packages and tie it on the tree. We did not get much under the tree, an apple or an orange, molasses candy, maybe a pair of knitted socks. However, we had the security that many kids today do not get with all their big gifts.

It did not seem like we were living on an Island. Mail was dropped by plane and when it was possible, they travelled on the Ice Bridge in winter. They went by boat in the summer and the supplies that were needed for winter were brought in the fall. Everyone grew their vegetables and had root cellars to put them in to keep them fresh.

The old days were better. There was good clean fun. We got many drives on the horse in hay making time. There was a little one-room school. Lillie Clarke from East Cape came to teach us one year. We would cut up old socks, pick them apart, and mix them with sheep's wool and spin up yarn for hooking mats. We made quilts from flour bags cut up in squares. A letter needed a three-cent postage stamp then.

Flu struck here one winter and many people died. The minister would come and talk to people through the window. Fred Aitkens often buried people when the minister could not get there. There was more religion then, more peace and good neighbors. The men fished and farmed. Women stayed home, cared for the family, and delivered the babies.

They always said that Entry Island was the traveller's paradise, as it was the first place early settlers could stop.

As told by Irena Welsh Clarke

Spring Herring Arrive

In the early 1920's, it was always a busy time when the herring would strike. The men at Entry Island would set herring nets during April. When the herring arrived they would sail to Amherst and bring them home by boatloads.

The men in Amherst had herring seines. They charged \$20.00 a barrel. The boats would be level to the water. They held fifteen or twenty barrels of herring, depending on the size of the boat, which was much smaller than they are today. They were only 25 feet long and some men had only small dories. They landed their herring wherever the water was calmest and hauled the fish to the boathouse by horse and cart. In those days, they salted herring to bait their lobster traps. They always salted a barrel to eat in winter. The children enjoyed getting their boots full of herring scales.

They also used herring for fertilizer when planting potatoes. They usually planted their potatoes before the fishing season started and sometimes the snow was still on the ground. It took longer for them to come up but there was always a good crop of potatoes.

*As told to Brenda Chenell
By Bahan Chenell*

Hooking Mats

I am 77 years old now, and living with my daughter in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. I hooked eight mats last year to pass the time. It brought back memories of those happy days when I was a mother and homemaker back home on Entry Island.

We would gather at someone's home for what we called, "A Mat Hooking". Today those mats are called rugs. That was the highlight of long winter evenings with a couple of the old kerosene lamps lit up and placed as near to where we were working as could be, so we could see what we were doing.

The mat lining was usually made from a jute feed bag, cut in a rectangle, as long or as short as you wanted it. We would draw a picture on it, then cut up rags in long strips to hook into mat. Most of the hooks were made from a large nail, filed into a sort of a hook on the end of it and with a wooden handle on it. The rag was held in the left hand below the mat. The hook was punched through the lining from the top. The rag strip was caught up with the hook and pulled to the top about half and inch. We also hooked a scrap mat, by hooking one line of every color we had.

As usual, we had a big lunch cooked up on the wood stove, and the glow from the fire made us feel cozy with many a good laugh enjoyed by everyone. We each brought our scissors and hook. In two evenings we had a new mat.

*As told by Luella Welsh Aitkens
1995*

Making knitting yarn from sheep's wool

When I was a little girl, my father, Herman Josey, raised sheep, as did many on our island. The little lambs were so cute. One could almost keep them as pets.

In the spring, they sheared the sheep, by cutting the wool off them and putting it in bags. During the summer when the weather was nice, they washed the wool in the old galvanized wash tubs. They squeezed it through hot soapy water several times. Then rinsed it well and wrung it dry with their hands and spread it out on a blanket to dry in the hot sun and wind. At night it was taken in, and put out each day until it was well dried.

I will never forget the next step in yarn making. Eight or ten ladies would come to the house. They would take small pieces of wool, pick, and pull it apart with their fingers until all the hayseed was taken out of it. This was because the sheep had been in the barn all winter. Of course, this always ended with a tasty lunch of home made goodies, and we kiddies would work very well with them, so we could enjoy the lunch.

Then in September the third step was taken. The wool was carded and made into rolls of soft wool, about a foot long and a couple of inches around.

The fourth step was to work the wool into long lengths of yarn on the spinning wheel.

The fifth step was to put the yarn on a skeiner and make it into skeins of yarn.

Five or six ladies would come out with spinning wheel on their shoulder. Three or four more would bring cards to card the wool. My spinning wheel was passed down to me from my parents. It was made in 1854.

As told by Joyce Josey Dickson

Entry Island Factory

There was a lobster factory located at the point, where the boats come in on Entry Island. It is uncertain what year the factory opened, but it is a known fact that people from the Island worked in this factory in the 1920's. The men would boil the lobsters outside the factory and inside the women cleaned and washed the meat then later it was packed in cans. The fish sheds located around the factory were used for salting cod, mackerel, and herring. We were told that Mr. Frank Leslie owned the factory and Mr. Joe Nadeau managed it. Mr. Leslie also owned a store in that area. Mr. Richard McLean ran the store and his daughter Clara was the clerk.

French people from Grindstone and Amherst fished from Entry Island and some worked in the factory. They stayed in camps and brought someone to cook for them. Entry Islanders would also stay in camps of their own, at the point, so they wouldn't have to walk home every night. They had their own cooks too. The two women that were mentioned as the cooks were Elizabeth Welsh and her sister Irena Welsh.

The wage received for working in the factory was \$1.00 a day. Some of the people who worked there were only 13 and 14 years old. Mr. Henry Welsh hauled the lobster shells away with his horse and cart. He spread them over the fields for fertilizer.

*As told to Brenda Chenell
By Bahan Chenell*

Home Made Butter

Every morning and evening the cows would be milked. The milk was poured in a separator to separate the milk from the cream. When enough cream was gathered up you would put it in an earthen churn and churn it by pounding the dash up and down until the cream was formed into butter. It would then be put into a butter tub and washed repeatedly with cold water until all the milk was out of it. Then you could either make one pound butter prints or store it in earthen crocks for the winter months. Salt was usually sprinkled all over a cloth and laid on top of the butter before the cover was put on and it was kept in a cool place.

As told by Edna Dickson Welsh

Making Soap

They used about five pounds of animal fat, just the right amount of water and Gillette's Lye. When the lye was not available they would burn hard wood and save the ashes and carbon (which was known as potash) to take its place. The soap was boiled in an iron pot and stirred vigorously. It was then allowed to cool and cut in cubes. They used it for washing clothes and for cleaning.

Story reworded from CAMI'S Heritage Cookbook